

# TOO LATE FOR SORRY

## By Laurie Allen

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### **CAST: JOHN and JENNIFER**

JOHN: Jennifer?

JENNIFER: Yes?

JOHN: Jennifer.

JENNIFER: Oh no. It's you.

JOHN: Surprised to see me?

JENNIFER: Surprised. Not happy.

JOHN: May I come in?

JENNIFER: It's been nine years since you left...and now you want to come in?

JOHN: Please.

JENNIFER: **(SHE steps aside, HE enters)** Why are you here?

JOHN: **(pretending to admire photos in the room)** Photos of my Danny.

JENNIFER: You mean, *my* Danielle?

JOHN: **(turns to her)** So, how are you?

JENNIFER: Nine years...and you want to know how I am?

JOHN: Married?

JENNIFER: No. You?

JOHN: Yes...But divorced again. **(Looking at photos in the room)** Is this really her?

JENNIFER: What do you want?

JOHN: Is she here?

JENNIFER: No.

JOHN: My Danny is such a beautiful girl.

JENNIFER: Yes, Danielle is quite stunning.

JOHN: All grown up. Let's see...fourteen?

JENNIFER: Fifteen, John. Danielle is fifteen.

JOHN: Fifteen years old. Wow. It's hard to believe.

JENNIFER: Not really. Not if you were here everyday like I was. Every step, every fall, every hurt, every tear...everything.

JOHN: Please...don't.

JENNIFER: You missed it all.

JOHN: I know. But Jennifer, I've changed. I'm not the same person I used to be.

JENNIFER: **(laughs)** Oh, please. Please, don't.

JOHN: What? Don't you believe nine years can change a person?

JENNIFER: Sure. I believe nine years can change a person. I've changed, John. Have you noticed?

JOHN: I'm not sure.

JENNIFER: Look at me. Look at my eyes. **(moves closer to him)** I can look straight into your eyes now. And I'm not afraid.

JOHN: Not afraid of what?

JENNIFER: Of you, John.

JOHN: I stopped drinking.

JENNIFER: Should I care?

JOHN: You might.

JENNIFER: When? When did you stop drinking?

JOHN: A couple of months ago.

JENNIFER: **(laughs)** Oh, oh, two months! You're on a roll!

JOHN: No, really! For good this time!

JENNIFER: Really?

JOHN: Don't you believe me?

JENNIFER: **(sarcastically)** Oh sure, John. But I don't want your promises. In fact, I don't want anything from you. Except for you to leave!

JOHN: Wait! Listen to me!

JENNIFER: Listen to you?

JOHN: You have to believe me. I'm sorry for everything that happened.

JENNIFER: You know, I have never known anyone in my life to be as sorry as you. You can bring on the tears, the apologies, the sincerest promises...but what does that mean?

JOHN: What does that mean? What does sorry mean?

JENNIFER: Well, I know what sorry means to Danielle. And I know what sorry means to me. But to you...it means nothing. It's just an act.

JOHN: This is not an act! I promise it's not.

JENNIFER: **(laughing)** Oh! You promise? **(pause)** I remember...

JOHN: That was a long time ago, Jennifer. When we were young.

***(JENNIFER moves to the side as JOHN goes into a flashback, taking on the attitude of a much younger JOHN. At this point, JENNIFER speaks of her memories of JOHN. JOHN'S dialogue is the portrayal of his past conversations with JENNIFER. If JOHN wears glasses, HE might take them off at this point for added change.)***

JENNIFER: I remember ... your violent temper, your foul language ... I remember it all.

JOHN: It's just a stupid dog! I told you I didn't want him jumping on me! Well, I tell you what...the next time that dog jumps up on me, I'll do more than just kick him in the head! **(kicks)** I'll shoot your precious dog!

JENNIFER: I was so in love with you. I didn't want to give up on our relationship. But yet, no matter what I did, it was never right.

JOHN: Don't you EVER embarrass me like that again, Jennifer! Do you hear me? Do you? (*As if HE'S choking her.*) I won't be humiliated like that again! YOU GOT THAT STRAIGHT? DO YOU?

JENNIFER: (*hands on her neck, reliving the pain*) It was always my fault. I made you mad and you hurt me. I remember that night. Your hands around my throat. Oh, if I'd only had the strength...I would've hurt you. I would've pinned you down and made YOU cry. And then I would've laughed. Just like you did. You would've felt what I felt.

JOHN: JENNIFER, DON'T YOU EVER TELL ME WHAT TO DO OR HOW TO DO IT! Would you like some more? Huh!? Would you!?

JENNIFER: But then you were always so sorry. So very, very sorry.

JOHN: (*crying*) No, no, it's me. Not you. I don't do anything right. Oh baby, please forgive me. Say you'll give me another chance. Say you still love me. You know I still love you. I've never loved anyone like I love you!

JENNIFER: And I would always believe you. Everything was going to be all right.

JOHN: Who cares if it's my fifth beer or my fiftieth? WHO CARES?

JENNIFER: You couldn't see what the alcohol did to you. You blamed anything else, anyone else...except for the booze.

JOHN: GET OUT OF MY FACE, WOMAN!

JENNIFER: You were a different person when you drank...which was most of the time.

JOHN: Shut up! Just shut up!

JENNIFER: And I hated the smell. I hated your breath. I didn't want you near me.

JOHN: It's your fault our marriage is falling apart!

JENNIFER: You never seemed to remember anything you'd said. You never remembered how mean you were. It was never as bad as I claimed it was. Surely I was exaggerating. It was just a shove, not a punch. You were just teasing. Why couldn't I take a joke?

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